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BAZAINE TALKED WITH.

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riggling over the grass.
, hang it!" said Johnny, flinging away his
, "I knew she'd down me with that com-
d cut she picked up in Boston."
n't use slang, Johnny," said Father, tak-
cigar out of his mouth.
er was lying in the shade of an evergreen,
ng the sport.
ther slang!" cried Johnny; "what's a
to do when nothing else will tell what he
?"
e English as she is spoke," suggested Al-

ny simply sneered, but in a moment
into a smile. A new light broke in upon
ain. It was not the carol of a bird, but
an idea. Johnny was frequently smit-
h ideas. They were more or less dia-
, but they smote him always with much

ay, Father, why don't you take a hack at
ame?" he said. "You're a dandy ball
, and you ought to be a good hand at
."
," said Father smiling, "do you want to
into another pickle?"
can't get into a pickle playing tennis,"
Johnny. "Come and tackle me. I'm
but I'll give you a point on each game."
," interrupted Eulalie, "I know a better
an that."
, you always know better," Johnny said.
are always spoiling things. What's the
girls anyhow?"
quiet, Johnny," said George, "and let
what Eulalie wants to say."
ll, I suggest," continued Eulalie, "that
and I play against Johnny and Albert."
! That's a fine match, ain't it?" cried
; "why, Albert can't play a little."
le bit her lip and looked at Johnny as
thought him just too dreadfully stupid for
ng; but she did not speak. George
Johnny aside and reasoned with him.
here," he said. "Albert can't play
but Father can't play at all; so that will
he two teams about even."
ny, however, would not listen to reason
ther arose from his position under the
en and came forward.
e me a racket," he said.
ing up a 16-ounce bat he walked over to
and threw his arms around her shoul-
aying:
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the net with thee."
ve, Father!" cried Eulalie, "and we'll just
them all—, I mean we'll beat them sound-

ny looked on for a moment, and then
d:
e along, Albert, and we'll make them
Albert picked up his racket and went into
rt.
rge, you must be umpire," said Eulalie.
right," responded George.
preliminaries were soon arranged and
took the first service, with Eulalie in the
e court. It was a pretty sight to see
receiving a service. Albert served well
girl stood well back with her left foot
forward, and the racket extended back-
nd outward. She was ready for a catlike
in any direction. She got the ball fairly
st lifted it neatly over Johnny's head.
who was guarding the rear courts,
for the ball.
d it to Father! Send it to Father!" shout-
ny, now fully aroused to the spirit of the
n.
y back, Father, and let me take net," said
, running up.
Albert saw the change in time and sent
l over Eulalie's head.
w, papa!" cried Eulalie.
r was ready for the emergency. He
toward the ball, and swinging his muscu-
t arm round hit the sphere a resounding
. Away went the ball 50 feet upward,
evergreen, across the road, and into a
ld.
Father, that was a three-bagger," yelled
. "Run hard and you can get home be-
fielded in."
nny, be quiet," said Eulalie; "we're not
ball now."
ain't, but Father is."
was soon restored. Albert jumped the
nd got the ball, and George quietly re-
l:
een—love

and let me take the net, and I'll teach these boys a lesson."

Father obediently retired to the rear of the court. Eulalie received the service, returned it, and ran up to the net. And then such a game as she played never was seen before. Her eyes flashed fire, her white teeth were set, her cheeks were two burning spots of red, her cap was off and her hair streaming in the wind, and she flew about like a little blonde fury. Such Renshaw smashes and such savage drives as she made had never been seen on the grounds before. Johnny and Albert, in the sporting language of the day, were "rattled," and they couldn't find the ball at all.

"Forty—fifteen!" cried George, as Eulalie sent the ball whizzing between the two boys.

"Forty—thirty."

"Deuce!"

"Vantage out!"

"Game!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Eulalie hysterically, with tears in her eyes, as she bounded across the court and threw both arms around Father's neck; "we walloped them well, didn't we, papa, darling?" W. J. H.

BAZAINE TALKED WITH.

Paris Dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph.

Ex-Marshal Bazaine is slowly recovering from the wound lately inflicted upon him by Hillairaud; but, according to the account of a person who has lately seen him, the attack may have the effect of impairing his reason. The sufferer's report of the affair is that he received his would-be assassin as the correspondent of a newspaper, Hillairaud having announced himself in that capacity. He thought at first that the man was an applicant for alms, like many Frenchmen at Madrid, who continually ask him for help, which he gives, as they are poorer than himself. In further conversation with his recent visitor Bazaine said he had come to think that Hillairaud was neither a fool nor a fanatic, but a person who wanted to pose as a patriot, in order to get himself elected a Deputy or a municipal councilor at least. In adverting to his own unlucky case the ex-Marshal became rather excited. He said that he had come to resign himself during the past 20 years to his painful fate, which doomed him to be an obligatory and enforced victim, a sort of consolatory holocaust, for a defeat which was inevitable. He once more insisted that had Marshal MacMahon helped him in time things would have taken a different turn, and he took credit to himself for having avoided a bombardment which would have caused the destruction of thousands of men. Unfortunately, his countrymen were fickle, and he bitterly complained that on the day after the attack which was made on his life by Hillairaud he received a post card from a Frenchman, who called him therein all the villainous epithets which he had space to put together. Asked his opinion as to Gen. Boulanger and the present situation, the ex-Marshal said that if the chief of the French army were of a merit which corresponded with the popularity to which he had attained he might succeed in doing something, but one man was not enough. The war might take place, and the French, in his opinion, were ready so far as effective fighting strength went, but it remained to be seen whether they had changed in temperament or not. In conclusion, the ex-Marshal hoped that Hillairaud would not be extradited or dealt with severely by the Spanish tribunals.

TO THE RESCUE OF THE SIEBENGEBIRGE.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

What the lake district is to England the Rhine district is to Germany, and it is a curious coincidence that the two national playgrounds should at the same time be threatened with destruction. On the Rhine the vandalism takes the shape of extensive quarries, which threaten to make the famous Siebengebirge, the most picturesque and romantic spot along the banks of the Rhine, into a shapeless mass. Not that this is the first raid which has been made on the wild beauty of the Seven Mountains. Who, of all the millions which have of recent years seen the Drachenfels from one of the saloonboats which ply the river during Summer, has not turned away in disgust from the lordly castle in glaring red brick which proudly—or impertinently rather—looks down from the wooded heights where once a terrible dragon lay in wait for human prey deep in the oak forest, in a cave which is still shown as the haunt of the "Wurm?" As the centre and one of the pretty "Landgüter" on the Rhine, the castle, with its eventless turrets and gables, would be justly admired; on the rugged heights round which countless old legends are dwelling it is a real eyesore. No wonder then that petition after petition is brought before the German Chamber of Deputies, and that all Germany is rising up in arms against the desecration of one of its most interesting monuments of a romantic past. What the petitions will do remains to be seen; at present the only decision at which the Government

zionist who never permits himself to play the works of any artist, but gives recitals of his ow compositions only, and generally puts fro to 30 of them on his programmes. He had posed an opera. I believe, on some East theme, and, after endeavoring to ram his musi down Chicago and New-York, had gone to London, if I remember rightly, and been equally as unsuccessful there. His name might have be Perkins, but it was not; and it may have be owing to this fact that Liszt directed that be shown in. Yes, it was our Chicagoan, just as natty as ever in dress, and his step ju as jaunty as of old. His long black hair seem to have grown a little longer than usu for the occasion perhaps, and his greeting of t master as he stepped into the room had a debonnaire air and spout of Western freedo about it that were unapproachable. Under h arm Silas—for Silas is as good a name as any carried a formidable looking bundle of music manuscript, deftly tied with blue ribbons. As he bowed to the kind old Abbé the manuscript accidentally slipped and fell to the floor, and as he stooped to regain it Liszt asked: "What have you this morning, Mr.——?" to which our modest countryman replied, "Oh, only a romance of my own life; and I wish to play it for you." The Abbé, undoubtedly seeing but one road out of the dilemma, replied that he would hear it, and we settled in our seats as the youthful enthusiast and egotist took his place before the piano. For 10 or 15 minutes we sat and listened, and looked out at the windows. Liszt, growing tired, gave an upward turn to his nose and a sudden toss to his head, unable to endure it longer. The music ceased. Silas turned upon his auditor for an approving smile or a commendatory word, and, as his eye met Liszt's, the latter quietly remarked, "It smells too much of the apothecary's," resumed his correspondence at his desk, and spoke no further until Silas and his manuscript of a life romance were on the other side of the closed door.

* * *

In the early days, when Pike's Peak was all that was known of far Western Kansas, a clergyman sent out by the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia cast his lot among the army of adventurers then streaming to the new Eldorado. His name was Kehler, and his mission was to develop the church work as far as possible in the mining camps under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains. When, a little later, Denver was evolved from the embryotic town of Auraria, the Rev. Mr. Kehler—or Father Kehler, as he had then grown to be called from his venerable appearance—was almost alone in the religious field, the Roman Catholics having a parish laid out and priests busily engaged in saying masses for the dead and prayers for the living. Father Kehler had been preaching to the "boys" in a little tumble-down structure, very hastily constructed, at E and Arapahoe streets, and as 1862 came along and Denver seemed to have taken root and the congregation had increased somewhat in size—piety didn't trouble its members much; they went to hear the sermon chiefly because there wasn't anything else to do on Sunday except play faro and drink whisky, and these things were no novelties—the Pastor began to talk about enlarging things, spreading out, increasing trade, as it were—in short, building a church that should stick. He found it necessary to get four adjoining lots, and when the owner of this property, Ed. Jump, a notorious gambler, found that there was a demand for it, he promptly put the price up about 1000 per cent. on the actual value. However, $350 would buy the lots even at the enhanced valuation, and Father Kehler went about among business men of the city and asked them to aid him in founding a permanent Episcopal church. He visited Benjamin Blanton, a cattle owner; Amos Steck, and J. Bright Smith, lawyers; "Dick" Whitsitt, capitalist; Dr. Drake McDowell, and John Scudder, all churchgoers but not exactly religious men. The gentlemen agreed to subscribe $500, and Father Kehler drew up a subscription paper for them to sign. This he gave to Dr. McDowell and John Scudder, asking them to hand it to the other gentlemen for their signatures. The first man they cornered was Amos Steck, who at that time was Postmaster of the Pike's Peak Express Company as well as a practicing lawyer. Of course, he would subscribe, and he put down his name and the amount, but when the collectors asked him to come down with the dust he said he would pay when Bright Smith paid, and so it went. Smith signed and said he would pay when Steck did, Whitsett when Smith did, and so on. Discovering that they were not going to get any money that day, the collecting committee adjourned to Ford's for drinks, and while smoothing out the wrinkles of their disappointment an idea suddenly occurred to McDowell, and he asked Scudder how much money he had. It was the custom in those days, when currency and coin were scarce in that new country, to carry what is known as a "retort" of gold or a bag or quill of gold dust. A retort is a solid mass of gold from a stamp mill, say, the particles of the precious metal having been attracted to quicksilver and the mercury then squeezed out. If a man bought goods of a merchant he would chip off enough gold from a retort to weigh the value of the purchase at the market price of gold. And so with dust; enough would be emptied into a scales to equal the money value of the article bartered for. Scudder had a little more than an ounce of dust, say $25 worth, and the doctor had an equal amount. This they put into a common fund, and McDowell, placing it into his pocket, sauntered down to

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